When the Sun Danced

(AN EASTER TALE.)

By JOHN HABBERTON.

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Lost Rock, down in the Southwest, had started from some older State with all of its household goods in a wagon, like hundreds of thousands, of other Americans, some native born, some imported, but all of the restless class. They had failed to rock that marked the parting of certain ways, but when they suddenly found themselves amid abundant pasturage for their weary horses and cattle, with an enormous spring near by and thickly wooded hills on one side of a brook they concluded that they had reached that particular portion of the Promised Land which every American wanderer believes was set apart for him from the foundation of the Republic.

Individually they differed as greatly as their dogs, who showed strains of all good and doubtful varieties of canine blood. A sociologist would have thought them collectively as unpromising material from which to make a harmonious community as could have got together by accident, for among them could be found New Englanders, Southerners, people from Ireland, several German states, France-by way of Canada-Africa by the slavers' route, and from Judea, with pauses all over Europe.

Yet later arrivals, who also missed the rock that was to have guided them elsewhere, found the social conditions quite as ! good as any they had known.

The Yankees had put up a schoolhouse and tormented their neighbors into appreciation of the benefits of "book larnin'." the Southerners had introduced the tobacco plant and disclosed the mysteries of hunting game and of keeping undesirable persons at proper distance, the French-Canadians had imparted the art of eating almost anything until crops could be made, the Irish had shown the ways of getting more potatoes from a square rod of soil than most Americans get out of an acre. the Germans had made evident the possibilities of the kitchen garden and of cheering the evening hours with song, the colored people had taught some of their neighbors to whistle care down the wind and to do nothing cheerfully when there was nothing to do, and the Jews revived the forgotten art (in America) of not spending money foolishly.

One day there appeared in the settlement a young man of serious visage, and anhe was a minister of the gospel and a fisher of men, and that all would be fish that came within reach of his net. This statement did not frighten any one; the schoolhouse was placed at his disposal Sundays and evenings, and he was hailed hospitably, after the manner of new communities, from every house that he chanced to pass at meal times.

Fishers of men, like other anglers, have the habit of selecting the species which they most enjoy catching, and the Rev. Peter Waldress was not long in resolving that the human fish he most desired to land from the Lost Rock pool were Lije Riggin and Connie O'Day.

Life was a Yankee, whose ancestors had been sailors and masters of ships, so he had inherited a large physique and a masterful manner that caused all the younger men of the settlement, as well as many of the older ones, to accept him as a leader. Like many other Yankees, he was unat argument, and the young preacher shrewdly reasoned that with such a man at his side the entire community

Connie was unlike Lije in all respects except popularity, vitality and good-nature. She was as pretty as a picture, and no depotato-hoeing did not rob her hands of their dainty shape nor her back and shoultheir luster when successive had but one small window. All summer long she went barefooted, as did of bronze and fresh from Mothers of other girls wished daughters could look and act like Connie, and the girls wished fervently that they could fulfill the parental desire. The young preacher could not look at Connie without murmuring to himself the line: "For a smile of God thou art."

and he had not been in the village a fortnight before he was obliged to examine his soul most uncomfortably for fear that he was angling for his own private gain.

Finally Waldress, while talking to himself, called Connie "Satan" and bade her get behind him: for Easter Sunday was approaching, and he was determined that the day should mark a great change in the spiritual condition of Lost Rock. He found great encouragement in a general Easter ferment that pervaded the community. Women were sunning potted plants that they might bloom by Easter, the Germans were beginning to tell old Easter legends to all who cared to listen, the Southerners were searching the woods and ragbags for materials with which to color Easter eggs. As Easter eve and the anniversary of the Passover were concurrent, the head of the Jewish family traveled many miles to procure a lamb, and the oldest colored man of the village walked as far to replace a broken string of his fiddle.

Connie O'Day's mother was nursing a bit of shamrock in a box of earth brought from old Erin several years before, and Connie herself became prettier through the fever of hope that she might see the sun dance on Easter morning, as every good Irish woman knows it does dance when beheld from any portion of the most beautiful

But Lije Riggin's only contribution to versary consisted of argument. This was his misfortune, scarcely his fauit, for had he not been born in New England? He the Germans about the augreater traditions. The minister endured the infliction for a little some disappointments of his argumentative energy had been ex-

Lije could no more keep away from Conhie than a bee can avoid the nectaries of a clover blossom, for he thought her the only woman in the world worth winning; but his inborn manner of speech made it impossible for him to be with her five minutes without stumbling upon some incentive to argu-

Each of the score or more of families at | ment, which is the sorriest of all buit for

"It's loikin' that young man ye'll be doin'," said Mrs. O'Day one morning when, noting the direction and expression of her daughter's eyes, she saw Lije approaching.

"Only till he spakes, mother dear," was find their intended route by missing a great | the reply, "an' that won't be long. He's fine appearin', an' good, I'm told, but when he opens his mouth I'm that set agin him that if I was a man I'd-" As the sentence was not concluded Mrs. O'Day said: "Over in Oireland dhey cure his complaint wid a club, dhat dhey do."

"Mornin', Connie," said Lije, with his heart in his eyes. "I heard somethin' allkillin' funny las' night. They say you Irish people believe the sun dances on Easter

"Dhat it does, for Oi've seen it," said Mrs. O'Day with a voice that would have been sufficient warning to any discreet young man who was in love with the speaker's daughter.

"There, Misther Riggin!" exclaimed Connie, her face aglow with faith in her moth-

er's experience. "So ye see it's true." Any man in possession of his senses would have dropped the subject at once, but Lije was possessed by a legion of demons in the shape of arguments deduced from astronomical facts, so he said:

"Oh, say! The sun couldn't dance without settin' the hull universe a-shakin'." "An' phat do ye know about it-a man dat's niver been in Oireland?" asked Mrs

Lije smiled pityingly, and with an air of superiority, as he answered:

"It's the same old sun everywhere, an' I guess he couldn't drop business an' go to dancin'-on a Sunday, too-without folks in ev'ry country knowin' about it." Mrs. O'Day regarded him contemptuously

"Ye guess, do ye? Well, Oi know. An' know, too, dhat yer fut, dhat ye've put on dhat box, is loike to crush the loife out av me darlin' shamrock. Connie, it's toime for ye to bring up some praties, an' for me to get back to me wurruk; so good mornin'

to ye, Misther Guesser." "But I can prove to you-." It was useless to say more, for the cabin door closed noisily, and from behind it came loudly the assertion, "Oi've me opinion av a man dhat wouldn't have me belave in me own

"Mother, dear," suggested Connie, gently, "maybe the sun do be quieter over here, so far away from its home."

"We'll see, plase heaven; we'll see, Oi hope," was the reply. "Back in the States the Easther mornin's were dhat cloudy dhat dhere were no sun at all, at all."

Lije sauntered home in a fit of humiliation. Never before had Connie looked prettier; never before had a door been closed in his face. His looks disclosed the condition of his mind, so the minister, meeting him accidentally, thought him a fit subject for religious exhortation and instruction. Lije listened meekly, and admitted on general principles that he was a great sinner, likewise a great fool, so the minister added practical advice to religious counsel by bidding the young man beware of his tongue, and be more willing to learn than to teach.

Lije promised that he would do so; he was so much in earnest that he did not provoke a single argument in the week that followed, and he worked an entire day without charge for Dennis O'Day, Connie's father, for the avowed purpose of learning | the inmates. He picked up the box of Irish practically the Irish and only true way of | soil containing the shamrock and quickly planting potatoes. He listened so well and talked so little, yet so much to the point, that at night Dennis said to his wife and

"Oi don't dhink much av woman's consates about men. Dhat Loije Riggin is the foinest young man Oi've met since Oi left yet gamble, an' he wurruks loike an ox an' he takes dhe advoice av dhem dhat's older dhan he; an' he's a bit av money laid

"But father dear," said Connie, "he don't belave that the sun dances on Easther

day's journey from a shoemaker, but her lave it if he can be tould how. Oi didn't brown feet remained as small and shapely belave it mesilf till Oi was 'most his age. an' was hilped to do it."

"And who was it that helped ye?" Dennis knocked the ashes from his pipe winked and replied:

"Ask yer modher." "Ah, g'lang wid ye!" said Mrs. O'Day. Again O'Day winked; he chuckled; then he pinched his wife's ear and brushed her

cheek with his own.

No church bells announced the dawn of Easter to the people of Lost Rock, for there was none in the village, but before the last star had paled some of the Southern boys fired guns, as had been their custom in their native State, and the Germans aroused by the noise, hurried from house to house, offering Easter greetings, women placed their pots and boxes of flowering plants at the eastern sides of their houses to catch the first rays of the sun, the lit tle girls of all nationalities began to compare their colored Easter eggs, and their brothers began to "fight eggs." The sound of singing escaped from many open doors, and Black Ben, perched upon his woodpile. fiddled brilliantly at something which he declared was "de jinnywine ole Yeaster

The young minister walked slowly past all the houses, offering such greetings as seemed appropriate to the various parts of the human motley, but the people took more from his countenance than from his lips, for he was filled with the spirit of the day, and he appeared as brave and exultant as if he were a young prince, instead of a shabbily dressed man who had no permanent abode and was without a dollar in his pocket. As he walked he met Lije Riggin, whose countenance was serious in

the extreme, so the minister said: "Courage, brother. Remember the significance of the day. Crucify your old self that your better part may rise from the

grave in which it has lain." "That's what I've been tryin' to do, Lije replied, "an' I guess I've got along middlin' well, for most of me's seemed

dead for days an' days." The minister would have said more, but Lije walked rapidly away in the direction of the O'Day cabin, looking backward frequently to see whether the sun had yet shown his face above the eastern hills. The morning was warm, for midday was already passed, and the summer starts very early in the Southwest. Wild flowers were blooming and dewy in the grass by the roadside, and Lije hurriedly plucked some, trimming their stems and trying to arrange them effectively as he walked. Suddenly he placed them behind him and imagined himself looking sneepish, for beside the O'Day cabin he saw Connie, look-

own, and the spring sun had already owned her face and hands and feet, so much had she worked and lived out of doors; yet to Lije she seemed the sublimation of royalty as she stood statue-like and expectant. He approached her and said: "Here's some flowers that was lyin' in the grass an' cryin' to come to you. If you

some of 'em yet." "It's glad I am that ye took pity on 'em an' brought 'em." replied Connie, regarding them tenderly and then placing them near her throat. "But they mustn't kape me from seein' the sun dance when he comes over the hills."

don't believe it you can see the tears on

"I want to see that dance of his, too," said Lije, "if you don't mind my standin'

"Ye're welcome to stand where ye like, but I much doubt that ye'll see it, for I've been told that them that don't belave in things don't desarve 'em."

"But I want to believe it, ever so much That ought to count for somethin', oughtn't

"Sure, I think so." "That's very kind of you. You see, I never heard of such a thing till a few days ago, an' there's so much nonsense talked in the world that it isn't well to believe too much an' too hard. But when an honest, sensible woman like your mother says she's seen a thing, it looks as if it must be true, an' as seein' is believin', I'm just dead set on seein' the sun dance. Can't you help me a little?"

"But 'tis little I know of it mesel'." said Connie, plaintively. "In Ireland I was that small an' careless that I never tried to see it, an' in America the sky has always been c'oudy on the Easter mornin'. But to-day I'm hopin', for the mother says I'm old enough to see it if I don't get tired tryin'."

"How did she tell you to do it?" "Only to look, an' kape on lookin'." "Then we're in the same boat, an' if two

heads are better than one, two pairs of eyes ought to be better than one. Let's look together, an' the one that sees it first "That would be a good way, I'm think-

hand. Lije followed her example; like any other young man whose waking hours are | Easter, an' the next, an' lots of 'em, 'll be spent out of doors, he could look the sun full in the face at midday; but with his hand over his eyes he could peer between his fingers, undetected, at Connie, whose face, under the excitement of the morning, appeared unusually adorable.

"Do ye see it?" she asked anxiously, after a moment or two of staring. The question informed Lije that at last the sun had risen, so he made haste to look toward it and say:

"Not a solitary dance." "Nor do I. If I could be back in the old country I'm that sure I'd be seein' it

"Oh, don't I wish I was that great big bird that Sinbad the sailor spun a yarn about. Then I'd pick you up an' whisk you over to Ireland in a jiffy.'

"An' that would be very kind of ye." "You think you wouldn't be scared to be took across the ocean that-a-way?" Connie turned her eyes an instant from the face of the sun to the figure of Lije,

which she regarded modestly yet admiring-

"Sure, an' ye're that strong that wouldn't be a feather weight to the like of ye. But"-here she sighed-"ye're not the big bird ye talked of, an' Ireland's beyant

a wide ocean an' half America besides." "See here!" exclaimed Lije, starting as if he had received an electric shock, "are you particular as to the part of Ireland you'd like to stand on? Would setting your feet on any bit of Ireland help you to see

"That it would, I'm thinking." "'Nough said." He hurried to the front of the house on tiptoe to avoid disturbing placed it at Connie's feet, saying: "There! That's Irish soil, I'm told, and

to be as good as the best, I guess." "Oh!" exclaimed Connie, with a sunburst of delight in her face, "'tis the wonderful quick mind ye have. But I mustn't step rock, an' then me mother's heart would

"Nonsense! Just give that shamrock a chance to kiss your feet an' it'll grow like

"Ah, 'tis yerself that's talkin' nonsense now," said Connie, but Lije thought that her eyes and cheeks were contradicting he tongue. "Besides, the box is short and par-

"But not as short and narrow as you feet. Try it-just a moment. Put your feet each side of the plant, one at a time I'll help you, so that you shan't stumble an' bruise the shamrock." Suiting the action to the word he placed his great hands under her shoulders and lifted her to the edge of the box, saying, "There. Be

"Me weight 'll crush the roots of the

"Not if you rest part of your weight against me. I'll stand as steady as a post.' "But 'tis tired I'll be makin' ye," said Connie, as she inclined gently backward till her shoulders rested against Lije's coat.

"Tired!" exclaimed the young man, as he drew a mighty breath. "A minute or two ago, when I talked of flyin' to Ireland with you, you said you'd be only a featherweight to me-don't you remember? An all this time you're neglectin' the sun; what if he should have got through with the job? See any signs of dancin'? Keep on

"An' you, too." "Oh, I'm doin' it, with ail my might." Constructively Lije told the truth. He was so tall that Connie, despite the box of earth on which she stood, scarcely reached his chin, so he could look over her raven hair and down on her face. The point of view was entirely new, and the view itself was charming for its newness. Even the back of the hand that shaded Connie's eves was so sightly that Lije hoped the solar observation might continue for hours.

"Do ye see it?" Connie asked. "Not yet." "No more do I, but you're that much

"Ah, but you ought to see it first, for your eyes are the brightest an' clearest in

"An' there's yer nonsense again."

course, you can see surer than I, for I'm not standin' on Irish soil." "An' I half wish I wasn't, for I'm that sure that I'm crushing the life out of the

"Truth's never nonsense. Besides, of

"Then why don't you put less of your weight on them?" "An' how would I do that?" "Easy enough," replied Lije, hypocritic-

ally. "Sand on tiptoe. Don't you under-"That I do," said Connie innocently, "an' gain it's the wonderful quick mind ye have. But"-here she balanced with some uncertainty-" 'tis not as alsy standin' that

"Then rest harder against me; let me steady you, an' you shan't know but you're danding on air. Then you give your whole her hand. She was garbed only in dingy if you don't see him dance this mornin'."

"An' why will ye do that?"

"Because your own heart "An', is that all the rayson?" "No. When you see it, I'll expect you to

help me to do it. That's no more than fair. "Sure, an' 'tis not," Connie replied confidently, "for didn't me own father say he never saw it till he was helped?"

"Is that so? Who helped him?" "Who should it be but me mother?" "Of course. Was it before they were

"That it was; a full half year, that I know, for I asked him only the other night, when he was tellin' about it. 'Tis a long story, an' a swate one, but 'tisn't mine to tell. Are ye looking at the sun?"

"Yes; with all my eyes." "Then I'll rest mine a bit, for the bright-

"Drop your head backward-slowly, as far as you can-right against your back; an' look up into the clear blue sky; that's what men do for sun-blind. Rest your full weight against my arm; don't be afraid; I wouldn't let you fall for all of the sun itself, even if it was made of gold. I'll hold one of my hands between the sun and you: it's big enough to shade off a dozen suns."

Connie did as she was bid, but in a moment or two she noted that Lije, instead of keeping watch on the sun, was looking earnestly down into her eyes.

"I was afraid somethin' might have happened to 'em," he explained. "'Tis nothin'; they're only swimmin'

Was she going to faint? Lije's arm began to close, gently but firmly. Connie raised her head quickly-a motion that always causes uncertain vision for a few seconds. Instantly she shouted:

"'Tis dancin'! 'Tis dancin'!" "Where? Where?"

"Where but there!" the girl asked, pointing to the east and leaning so far forward in her excitement that but for Lije's strong arm she would have fallen. "Don't ye

"So 'tis," said Lije brazenly, as he adin'," Connie admitted, as she again looked | vanced his foot a trifle to steady him with to the eastward, shading her eyes with her his precious burden. "Let's take a long,

"But I'm fearin' 'twill be blindin'. What if I should lose me sight?"

"Then you can count on two clear eyes an' two strong arms to guide you forever.' "An' where would I find 'em?" "On the man that you helped to see the

sun dance, don't you see?" "I don't see anythin'," said Connie, putting both hands to her face.

Couldn't Understand It.

New Consumer-But our gas is never

Mamma's Good Little Boy.

Tommy-No, papa. Mamma says it's wrong to wound even the tiniest creature.

A Smile Justiflable.

"I am convinced that the office of Presi-

William McKinley, Grover Cleveland and

Benjamin Harrison may be pardoned a

Sunday Dances Not Allowed.

went to the dentist on Sunday."

"Auntle thought it was dreadful because

"Oh, yes; when I told her I thought it

would be worse to stay home and let my

Unbelief.

Byles-Did you ever come across a more

conceited fellow than Bulger? They say

Bonter-I wouldn't like to go so far as

that, but I do know that he doesn't recog-

Must Have Been George.

"That man you were waiting on looked

like Admiral Dewey," said the first clerk in a Washington book store. "I wonder

"I wouldn't be surprised," said the other

Already Tamed.

"I have decided," said the girl in blue

"Coward," returned the girl in gray

Truly, it would seem that a woman

An Observing Saint.

Smirking up to his mother one day, Tom-

"Yes, my lamb," answered the mother.

"And you trust me now, don't you, ma?"

"Then what makes you keep the mince-

pies locked up in the pantry the same as

Reprisal.

"For the last time I ask you," he hissed.

"will you give up the notion that you can

"Never!" replied the woman, his wife,

"Then," he cried in a voice vibrating

Now she grovels at his feet and implores

MR. DOOLEY DEFINES A POET.

He's a Man with Something to Say He

Hasn't Thought Out.

The Archey Road Literary Club was

holding a meeting at Molly Donahue's, and Mr. Donahue and Mr. Dooley engaged in

an analytical discussion of poets and

pothry?" Mr. Donahue demanded, with a

great show of spirit.
"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis this way

shud men, grown men, write

with passion, "I shall assume that I can

began going to Sunday school?"

recite melodramatic poetry?'

tell Irish dialect stories!

Ladies' Home Journal.

His face grew terrible to behold.

him to be merciful, but in vain.

that when I marry I shall marry a wid-

he is an atheist, and I believe he is.

nize the existence of a superior being.

dent is not such a very difficult one to fill.

His Father-Have you wound it?

New Consumer-How do you

Gas Clerk-By the foot, sir.

turned up over three inches.

Philadelphia Record.

Jeweler's Weekly.

Springfield Republican.

-Admiral Dewey.

Philadelphia Bulletin

"But she let you go?"

toothache dance all day.

Brooklyr. Life.

if it was he.'

Chicago Post.

Collier's Weekly.

"Yes, darling."

pale but resolute.

"What did he buy?

" 'Paradise Lost.'

"Then turn your eyes this way-quick." said Lije. "Put them in the dark-right under my coat-right against my heart. That's it: now I'll keep them there till they're well. I'll call your father an' mother if you like, but I know all the tricky ways of eyes in the sun, an' what to do for them.'

"As sure as that you're the dearest

"Ye do seem to be belavin' that," murmured Connie, after a few seconds. "Hurrah! How are the eyes now?"

"They're seein' ev'rythin', just the same an' ev'rythin's dancin' alike-the sun-the sky-the hills-the woods." "An' what else?"

"An' why do ye ask?"

"Because my arms are thinkin' that the dearest heart in the world is dancin' too; just a little, you know, but-" "It's the wonderful quick mind that can think with the arms, an' think the truth, too," Connie replied, softly.

"Phat man is it dhat do be talkin' outside?" asked Mrs. O'Day of her husband, who stood smoking in the doorway. She had already seen the dancing sun and was preparing breakfast.

"Oi'll be afther takin' a luk at him. Dennis replied, though his imagination had already been active. He approached the corner of the house as softly as if in search of an unwary chicken. After a single peep he returned to the doorway, pocketed his pipe, dropped his hat on the ground, closed his eyes and moved his lips.

"Well?" said Mrs. O'Day, soon after her

susband's shadow darkened the cabin. "'Tis a young man that's been hilped to see the sun dance, Oi'm thinkin'."

"An' phy do ye dhink dhat?" "Don't I remember the soigns? But lave dhat foire an' come an' luk for yerself.' As his wife came from the door Dennis put an arm around her and whispered, as he slowly led her forward, "Dhe Easther ando be bringin' ye phat ye long prayed for-a foine big son. Don't be afther scarn' him away."

"It did dance, Mrs. O'Day," shouted Lije when he saw the couple

"An' I saw it, too, mother, dear," said Connie, raising her eyes timidly to her mother, whom she approached with much assistance from Lije. "An' 'twas wonder-

"Of've seen some wondhers mestlf, dhis mornin'," remarked Mrs. O'Day. "Till Oi'm not sure av me sinses." "Always believe in your own eyesight, Mrs. O'Day," said Lije, "but if you mistrust 'em there's a new pair at your serv-

ice, if you'll use 'em.' "It luks as if I must," the old woman replied as she caressed her daughter, and the hands of Lije and Dennis met with a report like a gunshot. "An' may dhe blissed sun dance over both av ye, for iver an' iver, till ye both go up beyant it."

All Lost Rock adults went that morning to the schoolhouse to Easter service, for the minister had announced that he would say nothing which could offend any one's religious sensibilities; nevertheless, he eyed carefully each person who entered that he might discern, if possible, the spiritual condition of all. When Lije and Connie entered together and seated themselves side by side the minister's serious expression relaxed into an approving smile. and Lije, whose church decorum had become somewhat rusty through enforced disuse, nodded exultantly at the minister, and then towards Connie, and raised his hand slowly upward, and afterwards placed it on his heart, and by other pantomime conveyed the message that he was a new man, or, at least, had begun to be one, and the minister closed his eyes an instant and raised his hand as if in bene-

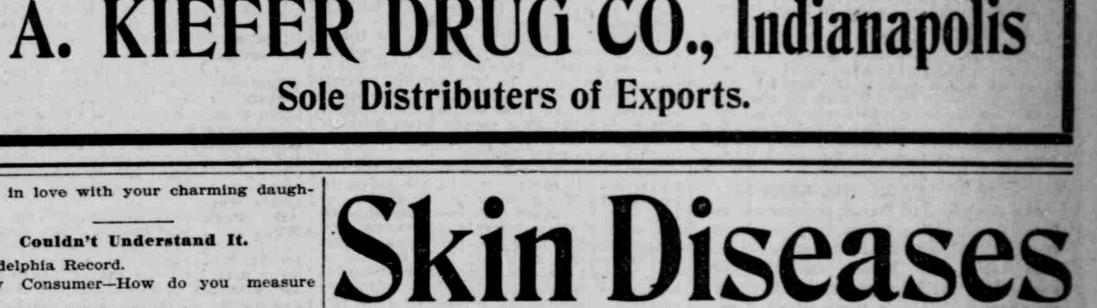
HUMOR OF THE DAY

Detroit Free Press. Jaxon-Everybody seems to have the grip Paxon (dejectedly)-I seem to have lost

An Exception.

Where the Uncertainty Comes In. "Why should we worry, Jack? Surely the world owes us a living. "I'm afraid, though, that we are not on the list of preferred creditors."

Harper's Bazar.
"And are you quite sure that you said Mrs. Sterlingworth, archly, when Mr. Giddings asked her for her daughter's hand. "My dear Mrs. Sterlingworth," the young man replied, "it was for the very purpose of acquiring you as a mother-in-law that



When the excretory organs fail to carry off the waste material from the system, there is an abnormal accumulation of effete matter which poisons and clogs the blood, and it be-

EASTER

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For Excellence of Tobacco, Rich, Ripe and Delicious Aroma,

For Most Admirable Workmanship, Exports Takes the Palm.

No Dealer Can Afford to be Without Exports.

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For Exquisite Enjoyment and Perfect Comfort,

comes sour and acid. This poison is carried through the general circulation to Tommy-Papa, my new watch has all parts of the body, and upon reaching the skin surface there is a redness and eruption, and by certain peculiarities we recognize Eczema, Tetter, Acne, Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, Erysipelas and many other skin troubles, more or less severe. While the skin is the seat of irritation, the real disease is in the blood. Medicated lotions and powders may allay the itching and burning, but never cure, no matter how long and faithfully continued, and the condition is often aggravated

and skin permanently injured by their use.



The disease is more than skin deep; the entire circulation is poisoned.

The many preparations of arsenic, mercury, potash, etc., not only do not cure skin diseases, but soon ruin the digestion and break down the constitution. S. S. S., nature's own remedy, made of roots, herbs and barks, of great purifying and tonical properties, quickly and effectually cures blood and skin troubles, because

it goes direct to the root of the disease and stimulates and restores normal, healthy action to the different organs, cleanses and enriches the blood, and thus relieves the system of all poisonous secretions. S. S. S. cures permanently, because it leaves none of the original poison to referment in the blood and cause a fresh attack. Healthy blood is necessary to preserve that clear, smooth skin and beautiful com-

plexion so much desired by all. S. S. S. can be relied upon with certainty to keep the

blood in perfect order. It has been curing blood and skin diseases for half a century; no other medicine can show such a record. S. S. S. contains no poisonous minerals -is purely vegetable and harmless. Our medical department is in charge of

physicians of large experience in treating blood and skin diseases, who will take pleasure in aiding, by their advice and direction, all who desire it. Write fully and held in strictest confidence. We make no freely about your case; your letters are charge whatever for this service. Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases will be sent THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA. free upon application.

with thim. A pote's a man with something to say that he hasn't thought out. Now, ye'er in a way, Malachi, a pote. Whin ye'er at home bustin' to expriss yerself, an' not knowin' exactly what it is ye want to say, or how ye ought to say if ye knew, needn't look savage. Ye'll niver be wan while ye feel sthrong about your throubles, A pote doesn't feel really bad. He on'y thinks he does. He's able to find wurruds to pour out his heart in, an' more thin that he's able f'r to cut up th' wurruds into proper len'ths an' have thim fit into each other like matched flurin'. Think iv a man sittin' down with a woild passion in his hear-rt an' thryin' to measure it with a pocket-rule! Th' man that's rale mad, that's mad clear through, can't speak plainly. He splutters as you do, avick. That's wan reason I'm again pothry. There ar-re other reasons, but that's wan iv thim. But we've got to take iverything in loife, th' good with th' bad. Ivery man that

r-reads must r-read his peck iv pothry.' Troubles That Do Not Come. Of the hard and weary loads 'Neath which we bend and fall, The troubles that do not come

For grief that cuts like a knife There's oil of comfort and cure And the hand which binds the weight Brings strength and grace to endure But to phantoms of pain and woe The lips of pity are dumb, And there's never oil or wine

Are the heaviest one of all.

For troubles that do not come. There's a song to lighten the toll.

And a staff for climbing the height.

But never an alpenstock

For the hills that are out of sight.

There are bitter herbs enough
In the brimming cup of to-day,
Without the sprig of rue From to-morrow's unknown way.

id go with a song on thy way, And let not the morrow shade The sunshine and joy of to-day. -Lettie S. Bigelow, in Zion's Herald.

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